The Question Discussed in the Commercial

Are People Sociable Now-a-Days?-The Man Who Porgot flis Wife-Fashton and Feminine Notes.

"Now this is elegant, isn't it?" in-quired the auburn haired girl, one of a quartette of young ladies of the type writer, glancing admiringly round the new rooms set apart for their use in the Commercial club's restaurant recently opened. "Yes, indeed, it is nice. I am so glad they concluded to admit ladies," replied the the tall girl with the Amer-ican Beauty roses on the front of her

dress.

"Say, girls," said the little brunette with fair leather straps on her jacket and a pencil in her hair, "have you noticed the slush in the papers lately about some man mistreating his stenographer, that is, scolding her and acting the brute generally?" "Yes, but I don't believe a word of it," said the sad looking blonde, "I have been working a good while, and I have never been scolded yet unless I deserved it." I once worked up in the northern part of the state, you know, and my boss, who was elected representative by the way, used elected representative by the way, used to get drunk, and once in a while he would go to sleep after dictating his let-ters, before I could get them written off; then I used to leave the office until he would brace up and walk out himself, then I would go back and finish my work. But that is the worst time I ever had, and he never said anything out of the way to me."

"You all know what an awful crank my boss is said to be," said the girl with red hair. "I had heard so much about him that I was so scared when I first went to work that I made a complete fail-ure I did not get over half of any of the letters he dictated, and made such a bungling mess of it I was tempted to run away from the office and never go back. You know I was awfully worried at that time over my brother, who was in trouble, and take it altogether, I was so rattled I did not know my best fellow's name. Of course, the boss could not sign the letters, but when I got up courage to tell him that I believed I could do the work better if he would give me one work better if he would give me one more trial, what do you suppose he said? Well, he said: 'It is impossible to half do anything with so many people 'round. I could not half dictate the letters. But those janitors will not bother again until you get more used to the work.'
Then I remembered for the first time that a couple of colored men were cleaning the windows while the letters were being dictated, though I had not noticed them before. He had made the excuse for me out of the kindness of his own heart. I tell you, now, I appreciated it, and if all 'cranks' are as considerate as the gentleman who dictates letters to me, I say, long live the cranks. I think it is all bosh about men mistreating girls who work for them and do the work in any kind of shape. They haven't time."

"Well," said the girl with a low fore-head and carnest eyes, who had her hair parted because she knew the new style was becoming to her, "I have a boss who is as kind to me as he is to any one, but he is a resurrectionist."
"A what?" said the other three in a

"A resurrectionist. He digs up long dead and buried old jokes and tells yesterday he told me about the man who wanted to do something religious and could think of nothing but taking up a collection. It is hard, you know, but as the poor old joke goes shivering down the hall back to its grave I laugh as hard as I can, and so drown the rat-tle of its dry bones and take life as easy as possible. Every girl I am acquainted with is treated as well as she deserves. Some girls are dreadfully thoughtless; will allow young men to come too see them at the office and talk for half an hour or longer; or some other girl, and they will chatter and giggle and chew gum until they ought to be thrown down the elevator shaft.

"That's so," said the girl with the roses, "I like young men," with a demure glance in the direction of the flowers, "but I don't think they should hang 'round the office. They had better get out and find something to occupy their minds during working hours. But it is just as you all say, if a girl gets abused in any way it is her own fault. She should get on her dignity and stay on it; the man is not born who would attempt to scold a dignified woman if she does her work as it should be done, and you know, you could not be really dignified and neglect your work. Of course men are cross sometimes, they have so much to worry them, but here is our order. I say, aren't things gotten up nicely by the Commercial club. I move we come here for lunch all the

Talking of men, there is one thing at least in which woman is the superior of any man alive and that is in making peach preserves. In these days of long discussions and philosophical reasonings, as to the part the nineteenth century woman should play in the drama of life, it is nice to know that while man in his superiority knows what peach preserves and plum pre-serves, and all kinds of jellies are, there is no man born who can make them.

These early September days and the abundance of the crop make all woman think about the things they are going to "put up." The readers of THE SUNDAY BEE are no exception, and a few suggestions and well tried recipes may not be out of order. To make peach preserves take equal parts of granulated sugar and large cling stone peaches. Put just enough water over the sugar to wet it thoroughly and then put on the stove and let it boil for a few minutes, carefully skimming should any black specks rise to the surface. Pare the peaches either with a fruit knife or by pouring boiling water over them, letting them stand for a few moments if you try the latter way, when the skins will be easily removed. Pour the boiling sirup over the peaches and let them stand until the next day. Then put them on the fire and boil for lorty-five minutes, or until the peaches are clear and well cooked. Put away in small quantities, as they will not keep so well if they are disturbed. To make plum preserves proceed in much the same way, except that it is not necessary to pare the plums, and care must be taken that the plums are not too ripe. If they are dead ripe the preserves will "tough." That is, common red plums. Other varieties must be pared, and being ripe is no objection. But the common ripe is no objection. But the common red plums make the best preserves and the nicest jelly in the world. To make plum jelly, inferior plums may be used, and it is a good plan to sort the plums, taking the nicest for preserves and the inferior ones for jelly. Pour enough water over the plums to cover them nicely and let them boil for a few moments. Remove and drain off the

ARE STENOGRAPHERS ABUSED | water. Take one-third as much sugar as you have juice and put over the fire, boiling for twenty minutes very hard. If you are not particular as to the shade of the jelly, it will be much richer and nicer if you will stir the plums "all to pieces" and squeeze them in a flannel cloth and use this with the juice instead of simply draining off the water. The jelly will be much darker in color and richer flavored. After the water has been drained off the plums a very nice marmalade can be made of them by taking one third as much

sugar as you have fruit and boiling same for about half an hour stirring a good deal. Some ladies prefer to add cinnamon flavoring to this mar-malade. It is good either with or without flavoring, and of course any seasoning may be used that is preferred. To make grape jelly it is absolutely necessary to take the grapes before they become too ripe. After grapes are thoroughly ripe they will not make good jelly as the jelly, as the grape sugar spoils it; it "gets glass in it," as the children say. Grape jelly is easy to make, and the same directions will answer as those given for the plum. Another thing which is better home made than any possible to obtain at the markets is "Chili sauce." One of the best rules which has been tried for many years for making this winter luxury is to take twelve large fully ripened tomatoes, three or four peppers, two onions (if desired), two tablespoons full of salt, two of sugar, one of cinnamon and three cups of vinegar. Chop all together and boil one and one-half hours.

MME. CERBERUS.

Her ideas are of the most correct deree of advancement. She attends all the women's congresses, councils, mass meetings, (her brother, who is very good about taking her there, disrespectfolly calls them "pow-wows") she thirsts to cast a vote, and she believes with Rev. Sam Jones that "a woman can be anything and everything she pleases but the father of a family."

"Do you know," she began, after the preliminary "swearing in" had been accomplished, "I couldn't bear to confess it to any of our opponents, least of all to a man, and it is a keen mortification to me that I feel so, but the truth is, I wouldn't for all the world work under a woman in any capacity whatever!"
"You wouldn't?" It was my duty to

be disapproving.
"No," humbly. Then wickedly,
"Would you?"

"I never tried it," faltered her confidante, but when further pressed to say whether I wanted to try it, I was obliged to admit that I didn't and to add with a troubled air, that I couldn't for the life

of me tell why.

"Nor can I," and my confidante's fair forehead wrinkled itself anxiously. "As I said, I am dreadfully ashamed of myself for the prejudice and I can't analyze it. It isn't that, as is often said, women are mean, or deceitful, or overbearing, or more deficient in the business virtues than men. But, reason to the contrary, the idea of being employed by or held accountable to another woman fills me

"And I suppose that's the way other women would feel about being employed by us," put in her hearer comfortably. My confidante waxed bolder. "I think every woman feels so," she

with horror."

announced, "only, like us, she is ashamed to acknowledge it. And, while am in the confessional, I might as well am in the confessional, I might as well tell you another perfectly dreadful thing, in the hope, I will admit, that you will say you have always thought so, too. It's about the female clergy."

"Well? Have you been converted by Dr. Buckley and St. Paul?"

"Oh, no," in great earnest, "not so bad us that. I believe in women minimum in the content of th

as that. I believe in women ministers, I admire and respect them. I sometimes think I would like to be one myself, but -I wouldn't go to hear one. Somehow I couldn't look up to her or regard her as a 'spiritual pastor and master,' as I could with a man. Yet I know women are twice as religious and three times as

good as men. Isn't it dreadful?"
"I don't know," I returned, catching
the infection of candor. "Now that I think of it, it would seem strange to me to sit under a woman pastor. I would have the instinctive feeling, 'Why, you can't tell me anything I don't know: you're only another woman.' Yet men don't feel that way. They are willing to let their fellow man lay down the religious law to them.

'Are you so sure of that?" it occurred to me. "Perhaps they reason as you and I do, and that is why so few of them go to church.

And we parted, wondering if herein lay the true cause of the masculine nonattendance at the sanctuary, which has always grieved and perplexed woman-

"People hardly speak, nowadays, of being hespitable; they 'pay social debts' as if it were all a system of exchange. Horrid idea! Am I in debt to you for this chair I'm sitting on, for those chocolates I disposed of the other day and for the amount of your valuable time my visits consume? The whole thing is a farce. The original idea of visiting and being visited was mutual social pleasure -how far away and ridiculous it sounds these days of 'crushes' and 'duty calls' and 'mustbe' invitations!

"As to neighbors, time was when the gracious custom prevailed of the old residents always calling on the new ar-rivals. Now that has dropped into a desuctude that is not inocuous. The articles that appear in the papers on the ettiquette of visiting are highly amusing, although they make both hostess and guest uncomfortably self-conscious, I should think, from the minute and ponderous treatment they give the subject, as if straight were the gate and narrow the way, and few there were who found it.

"Isn't it a disgraceful perversion of an intrinsically good institution that the woman 'who cannot entertain' because she boards, or is too poor, is obliged to refuse to be 'entertained?' Custom keeps us from seeing what an insult it is to her would-be hosts

"If I had the world my way-which I never expect to come to pass-I would have hospitality returned to its pristine simplicity. I would ask people to my ise because I liked to have them there and for no other reason. When they came I would treat them like reasonable beings, not like spoiled babies who must be constantly amused or gormands who must be 'fed up' as a compensation for enduring my society. I would expect to visit on the same terms, only

A sudden idea struck the speaker. "Then," she went on with well-simulated concern, "I might perhaps receive no sudden idea struck the speaker. encouragement to come here daily.'

The San Francisco Confederation of Women has been organized.
In the language of its constitution the

confederation is designed to "advise, advocate and carry into effect measures for the public good, to suggest, encourage and promote social and political re-forms, and generally to advise and act for the public welfare."

In the meeting room at 102 O'Farrell street there were nearly 100 ladies. Organization had been proceeding through two or three meetings, but not until a few days ago was the society

ready to take up the sorious business for which it has been formed.

The officers of the confederation are as follows: President, Mrs. Maria F. Gray; first vice president, Mrs. Flora Gray; first vice president, Mrs. Flora E. Bowley; second vice president, Mrs. Emma Gregory; third vice president, Mrs. Florence P. Matheson; corresponding secretary, Mrs. Elia M. Poole; recording secretary, Mrs. Alice C. Waterman; financial secretary, Mrs. Annie B. Bradstreet; treasurer, Mrs. May L. Harrison. There are committees on education, sanitation, reforms, philanthropy, political science, parliamentary law, legislation, judiciary and finance.

The gypsy element of the population that camps on the outskirts of the summer settlements for the estensible pur-pose of disposing of sweet grass baskets deals also, says the New York World, in futures of various shades of gold, according to the amount of silver which crosses the paim. There was a weird looking old creature selling her two sorts of wares to a piazza full of young women the other morning, who revealed some of the secrets of the profession. She had taken a 50 cent fee for the reading of one fair paim. Suddenly she in-terrupted herself to remark: "There, there! A wonderful fortune!

"There, there: A wonderful fortune:
Give me 75 cents more and I'll read you
the most wonderful thing."

"No," said the girl laughing, "no
more. Give me my 50 cents' worth of
wonder and that'll do."
Entreaties on the gypsy's part were in

Entreaties on the gypsy's part were in vain. The strong-minded young woman would pay no more than 50 cents for any destiny whatever. So the prophetess read on. When she had finished she remarked with a sigh:

"And to think that for a little more I could have given you a light complected young man as well as a dark, and a wedding in five months instead of a year!"

"If you want to be a model housewife follow my example," says Lillian Lewis. "Man's strongest love is in his stomach, and the surest way to keep his love is to feed him well. If you want to make your-self a good housekeeper, a companion-able and a beloved wife, don't devote all able and a beloved wife, don't devote all your time to your finger nails and your novel. Give the very early morning to housework. An hour in the morning is worth the whole afternoon. When dirty house cleaning is being done wear long rubber gloves and keep a cut lemon at the sink to remove stains, and to rub your hands with before commencing to bake. Keep your hands beautiful even though you make them work; beauty and work are easily combined. Never indulge in the luxury of a wrapper. A wrapper has an exasperating way of looking slovenly on the slightest provocation: the plainest skirt and basque with a bit of embroidery in neck and sleeves is always exquisitely neat. On scrubbing days wear an apron made of oil cloth. Always be neatly combed on on cloth. Always be neatly combed on sweeping days, protect your hair by a cap. Don't tell your husband you are tired. A labor of love does not make one tired. After dinner get your husband a cigar and three matches, and if he don't love you after all this, get diverged."

A man noted for his forgetful and absent minded ways, rather late in life became a bridegroom, and he and his newly made wife started on their honey-

Arrived at the railway station she took a seat in the waiting room while he went to look about the tickets and luggage. By the time this was done he had only four minutes to spare. "Where does the B—— train start from?" he

asked a porter.
"That way, sir; No. 4 platform."
Making a rush for the place indicated, he fixed himself comfortably in the corner of a smoking carriage and took out his pipe. A few minutes after the train searching in his pocket for fusees, he came across two railroad tickets.

He looked at them in amazement for a moment or two, and then it flashed over him what he had done

"Good heavens!" he gasped, "I have forgotten my wife!" He left the train at the first stopping place, and fortunately there was another very soon to carry him back. She said she thought he was an awful long time looking after that luggage, and scolded him a little, but afterward

forgave him when he told her the truth. Fashion Notes. This is what dressmakers call the in-

termediate season. The latest fantasy in veils is fine accordion plaited tulle run with rows of colored ribbon.

Lovely porcelain spoons accompany the dainty new cafe noir sets, the cups of which are smaller than ever before. Changes and rumors of change are in the air, but summer styles still hold supreme at the great centers of social activity.

A protty semi-diaphanous textile called Spanish grenadine is much used this summer for dressy afternoon and evening toilets.

The "fried oyster server" is a novelty, and a very rich fancy piece in silver. A wide, short blade, with handle decorations of shells, cordage, etc. The fleur de lis bow terminates the

crepe sash which outlines the waist of most of the modish cool weather gowns, designed by Parisian modistes. Riding habits of dark blue or brown

Holland, of the severest tailor build, are seen upon the most fashionably dressed equestriennes at watering places. Cornflower blue is to be the choice color in millmery if one is to judge from the choice effects developed upon num-

berless fetching chapeau models. The flameoyant and florid style of dress, for which this season will go down n the chronicles of dress as the supreme climax, is going out in a blaze of glory. Among the new handsome black fabries that are to be so popular this autumn are Muscovite silks heavily repped, with gold threads on every third

Unless all signs fail, the autumn will see the last of the atrocious color combinations, the inartistic extravaganzas in design, which have dominated the harlequin mode.

Persian stripes are over plain Lyons satin grounds, and another novelty is ombred peau de soie, rivalling ombre velvet—these shaded effects appearing in both plain, striped and plaided silks. Parisian women have revived the popularity of accordion plaits, and the cunningly pressed and graceful folds have traveled triumphantly from plas-tron to bodice, from bodice down to skirt and up to parasol.

Aluminium hairpins and belt buckles are among the pretty trifles now wrought in this metal. They are so much cheaper than the silver knick-knacks, and withal so exceedingly attractive that they deserve to be purchased. A pretty model, presenting few diffi

culties in copying, even to the amateur, is of the black silk gauze, with three rows of white insertion, let into the material before plaiting, a belt of white and a plaited yoke, also of white lace.

Suede, Argentine gray, silver blue and bronze brown, also soft tints shot with color, are among the shades of dust cloaks of light taffets or surah worn in the cars or in open victorias and village carts at the various summer

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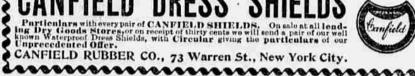
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